SAILOR's SONG,

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TO

The *SOUTH.*

A

New BALLAD:

Occasion'd by the Rumour of WAR.

SAILOR'S SONG,

TO

The SOUTH.

A

NEW BALLAD:

Occasion'd by the Humour of WAR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

New BALLAD:

OCCASION'D

By the Rumour of WAR.

I.

IN lofty Sounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the Foe, but fear the Fight;
And bold in Word, of Arms decline the Stroke.
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To Foes the Counſel of a Friend,
And warn them of the Vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud Alarms?
Why gleams the *South* with brandiſh'd Arms?
War bath'd in Blood from curſt Ambition ſprings

III.

Hear, and revere.---At *Britain*'s Nod
From each enchanted Grove, and Wood,
Haſtes the huge *Oak*, and ſhadeleſs Foreſts leaves;
The Mountain Pines aſſume new Forms,
Spread Canvas-wings, and fly thro' Storms,
And ride o'er Rocks, and dance on foaming Waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: the labouring Earth
Diſcloſes a tremendous Birth;
In ſmoaking Rivers runs her molten Ore;
Thence, Monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous Aſpects, threatning riſe,
Flame from the Deck, from trembling Baſtions roar.

VI.

Theſe Miniſters of Fate fulfill
On Empires wide an *Iſland*'s Will,
When Thrones unjuſt wake Vengeance: know ye Powrs!

VI.

She, gladly, ſheaths her Courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous Magazine;
Her *Cannon* ſlumber, till the Proud aſpire,
And leave all Law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding Seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd Maſter's Soul of Fire.

VII.

Then Furies riſe! the Battle raves!
And rends the Skies! and warms the Waves!
And calls a Tempeſt from the peacefull Deep,
In ſpite of Nature, ſpite of *Jove*,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous Winds in azure Chambers ſleep.

VIII.

A thouſand Deaths the mighty Bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd Womb;
Chain'd, glowing Globes, in dread Alli[illegible]

IX.

Dwarf Laurels riſe in tented Fields;
The Wreath immortal, *Ocean* yields;
There War's whole Sting is ſhot, whole Fire is ſpent,
Whole Glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
How lambent is *Bellona*'s Flame;
How her Storms languiſh on the Continent?

X.

From the dread Front of *antient* War
Leſs Terror frown'd; her ſcythed Car,
Her caſtled Elephant, and battering Beam,
Stoop to thoſe Engines which deny
Superior Terrors to the Sky,
And boaſt their Clouds, their Thunder, and their Flame.

XI.

The Flame, the Thunder, and the Cloud,
The Night by Day, the Sea of Blood,

XII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or ſee I *Vulcan*'s ſooty Cave,
Where *Jove*'s red Bolts the Giant Brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy Gods of *Toil* and *Heat*,
Loud Peals on Mountain Anvils beat,
And panting Tempeſts rouze the roaring Flame.

XIII.

Ye Sons of *Ætna*! hear my Call;
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe Bawbles fall,
That Shield of *Mars*, *Minerva*'s Helmet blue:
Your Strokes ſuſpend, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the Magick of my Song,
Drop the feign'd Thunder, and attend the True.

XIV.

Begin: * and, firſt, take rapid *Flight*,
Fierce *Flame*, and Clouds of thickeſt *Night*,
And ghaſtly *Terror*, paler than the Dead;

XV.

So form'd the Bolt, ordain'd to make
Gaul's Haughty Plan of Empire ſhake,
If *Britain*'s Crimes ſupport not *Britain*'s Foes,
With *dreadfull* Aid: O Pow'r Diyine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold Deſign,
Embattled Hoſts a ſingle Arm o'erthrows.

XVI.

And dare we triumph in our Might?
And ruſh undaunted to the Fight
With Hearts as *baſe*, as brave? We make a ſnare
Of what indulgent Heavens beſtow;
To thankleſs Pride our Ruin owe,
And *Britain*'s Strength o'erwhelms her in Deſpair.

XIX.

FINIS.